

# The Wonderful People, of Oz-Who and What they are With Illustrations from "The Marvelous Land of Oz"



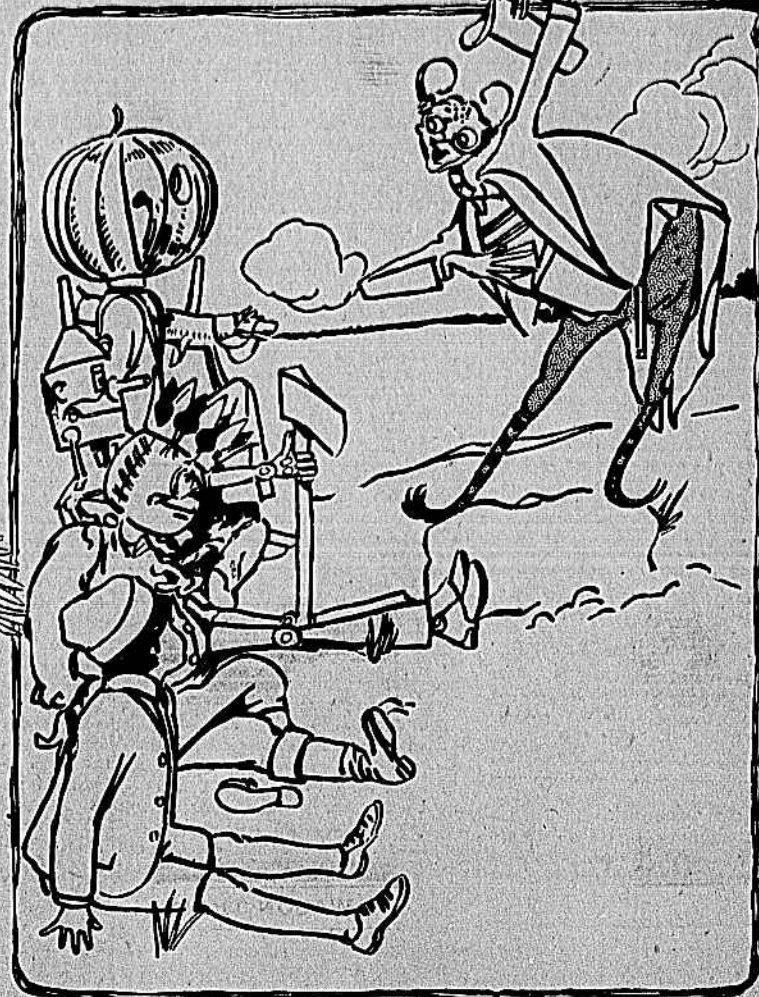
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This cast a Gloom over the Entire Party



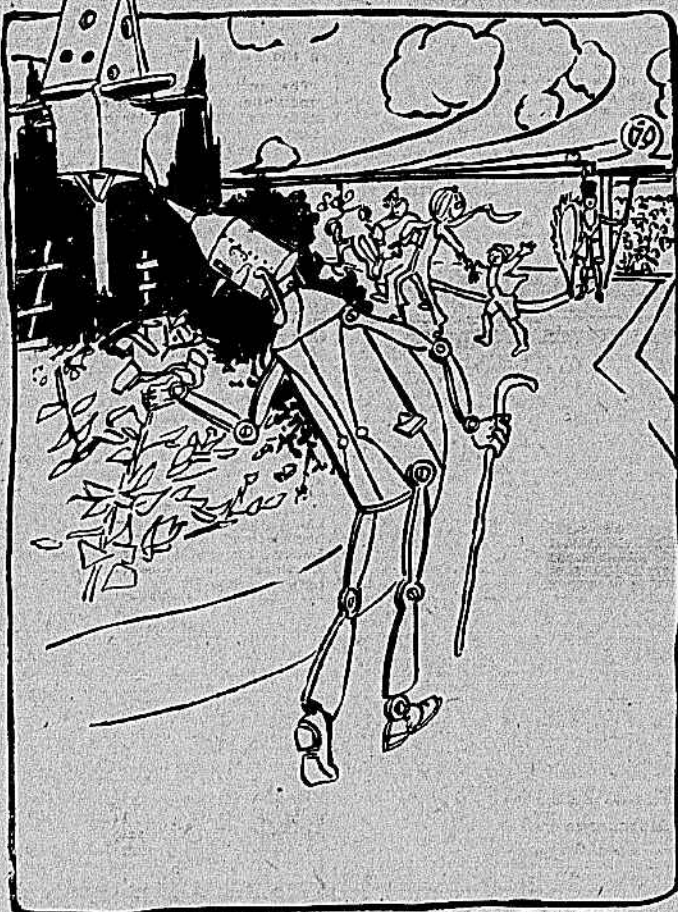
The Gump Scared Swiftly and Majestically Away

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The Stranger Removed his hat with a Flourish

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The Tin Woodman Plucks the Rose



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Does it Hurt asked the Boy

**N**O, THE fairies, elves and wizards have not all departed, and bid this dull planet adieu, for they still dwell in the wonderful land of Oz, where the grass is purple and bright gold, and Winkies, Munchkins and Kalidahs guard great cities all studded with palaces and bedecked with diamonds and rubies. Wonderful creatures, too, are these fantastic beings; not of mortal mould, nor governed by nature's everyday laws. They belong to Mr. Baum's modernized fantastic fairy tale, in which all the old-time joyous illusions are retained, while misery and scenes of terror find no abiding place.

First of all upon the scene appears the Scarecrow, from the land of the Munchkins, whither little Dorothy and her dog Toto have been carried, house and all, by a great whirling Kansas cyclone.

Dorothy is advised by the Munchkins to go to the Emerald City, where dwells the Wizard of Oz, and ask him to send her back to her home in Kansas.

After seven miles of travel, she climbs on the fence of a cornfield to rest, and then, for the first time, she sees the Scarecrow.

A strange thing is he, indeed, his head a small sack stuffed with straw, with painted eyes, nose and mouth, an old, pointed blue hat perched on his head, and a worn and faded suit of blue clothes, also stuffed with straw. On his feet are old boots with blue tops, and a pole stuck through his back raises him far above the waving corn.

"The Scarecrow can talk, if he can't move, and to Dorothy he complains of the tedium of his perch.

"Can't you get down?" asked Dorothy.

"No, for this pole is stuck up my back. If you'll please take away the pole I shall be much obliged to you."

So Dorothy lifts the light figure off the pole and sets it on the ground. The Scarecrow feels like a new man, and says so. When he learns where Dorothy is going he confesses his ignorance of the place.

## He Goes to the Wizard for Brains

"I don't know anything. You see, I'm stuffed with straw, so I have no brains at all."

But happy thought—perhaps the great Wizard of Oz can supply the lacking brains. Why not, if he can whisk Dorothy home to Kansas?

So the little procession—a girl, a Scarecrow and a dog, set out together for the Emerald City.

They had not traveled far before another strange creature joined their company—the famous and formidable Tin Woodman.

The Tin Woodman is a hero of mighty deeds, and until the advent of the highly magnified and thoroughly educated Wogglebug he easily leads the little crew of adventurers in Oz land.

But when Dorothy and the Scarecrow first meet him he is in a perilous case. Passing but a few steps into a forest, they see him plainly.

He stands beside a tree partly chopped through—a man made entirely of tinplate, with head, arms and legs jointed, and axe uplifted in air.

The Tin Woodman was caught in a rain storm, which rusted his joints, so that he couldn't move. All that he wants is a little oiling up.

"Get an oil can and oil my joints," he exclaims, when asked what can be done for him. "You'll find an oil can on the shelf in my cottage."

So the Tin Woodman oiled up—neck, arms, legs and all, and becomes stout Nick Chopper again.

He, too, wants to go to the mystic land of Oz. Perhaps the great Wizard will give him a heart. He is empty, and can feel nothing. Besides, he was not always made of tin—once upon a time he was a wood chopper's son, who worked for an old woman who was half witch, half devil, and wicked. She taught him the spells that caused him to cut himself gradually into pieces, each section being replaced and repaired by the tinmith.

Anyway, the journey to the splendid capital of Oz is made by Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman and a cowardly lion. Wonderful and exciting were their adventures, great and good the deeds they performed in that country where nothing is impossible, even to a Scarecrow without brains and a Tin Woodman without a heart.

Careless people might have perhaps forgotten the valiant feats of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, if two clever comedians had not brought them forward on the stage in "The Wizard of Oz." The living imitations were whimsical and funny, every bit as Mr. Baum's original creations, and letters requesting more of the same sort began to pour in upon him.

By and by, the pressure of letters from all over the country became too strong to resist, and hence the origin of the other members of the great sextette of the land of Oz—Jack Pumpkinhead, the Saw-Horse, the Wogglebug and the Flying Gump.

Jack Pumpkinhead was made by a wide-awake boy, Tip, who worked for an old woman who was half witch, half devil. Jack was not much to brag of—with a pumpkin head, having two round eyes, a three-cornered nose, and a saw-toothed mouth shaped like the new moon.

BUT he was Tip's own handiwork, designed, in fact, to scare the old woman, Mombi. He was better than the Scarecrow—who, by the way, had supplanted the Wizard as ruler of Oz—for there was no stuffing to run out. Only his pumpkinhead was loose, and needed constant watching.

But, while the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman were lively enough in themselves, Jack Pumpkinhead was dead enough until the old woman saw him. "Ha," said she, "I'll just sprinkle this fellow with the Powder of Life, and make him do my work. Then I'll turn Tip into a marble statue."

But it fell out otherwise; for Tip ran away in the night, taking Jack Pumpkinhead with him, and also the famous Powder of Life, which he had fished from the old woman's market basket.

Tip knew about Dorothy, and the Emerald City, where the Scarecrow reigned, so he and Jack Pumpkinhead set out for that glittering abode of all green things.

On the way there is trouble, because the stiff-jointed Pumpkinhead cannot walk very well, nor lie down at all. Tip sits down to rest on a saw-horse, and his companion becomes curious.

"If that horse were alive, wouldn't it trot, and prance, and eat oats?"

"It might trot and prance, but it couldn't eat oats," said Tip. "And, of course, it can't ever be alive, because it's made of wood."

"So am I," answered Jack Pumpkinhead.

"Why, so you are! And the magic powder that brought you to life is here in my pocket."

The charm works, just as it did when Pumpkinhead was given life.

The saw-horse moved, stretched its legs, yawned with its chopped-out mouth, and shook a few grains of the magical powder off its back.

His legs were stiff and awkward, for he had no knee-joints, and when he bumped into Jack Pumpkinhead that worthy was sent rolling in the dust.

ON this very lively saw-horse the two adventurers reach the Emerald City, only to find a girl army in revolt, and the Scarecrow deposed from his throne.

There is nothing left but right, so in a hustling dash for liberty the Saw-Horse brings them safely without the gates—Tip, Jack, Pumpkinhead, Scarecrow and all.

Then they proceed to the City of the Winkies, where the Tin Woodman is King, doubting not that he will help them.

By this time the man of tin has had himself nickel-plated, and he lives in magnificent state, as all tin emperors do.

"We'll go at once," cries the Emperor Woodman, and recapture the Emerald City. We do not need an army. We four, with the aid of my glowing axe, are enough to strike terror to the hearts of the rebels."

"We five," corrected the Pumpkinhead.

"Five?" repeated the Tin Woodman.

"Yes, the Saw-Horse is brave and fearless."

So the dashing quintette set out to restore the Scarecrow to his kingdom, meeting with many serious obstacles by the way, and finally breaking a leg of the Saw-Horse, just where there was not a shrub in sight for miles around.

Then, finally and in the nick of time, the sagacious and wonderful Wogglebug appears on the scene.

"Good morning," he said, removing his hat and extending a card.

Tip took the card and read aloud:

M. H. M. WOGGLEBUG, T. E.

That jarred the five adventurers mightily, and they surveyed the newcomer with growing interest.

For dress Mr. Wogglebug wore a darg blue swallow-tail coat with a yellow silk lining and a flower in the buttonhole; a vest of white duex that stretched tightly across his wide body; knickerbockers of fawn-colored plush, fastened at the knees with gold buckles, and, perched upon his small head, a tall silk hat set jauntily.

Standing upright, he was fully as tall as the Tin Woodman. Surely, no bug in all the Land of Oz had ever before attained so enormous a size.

But the mystery is soon explained. Not so very long ago the surmer had been an ordinary bug in a school room, where he had already, by listening to the Professor, won his title of T. E.—thoroughly educated.

One day, however, the Professor caught him, and with a great stereopticon threw him upon a screen in a highly-magnified condition.

Just then a small girl fell backward from a window, and in the resulting confusion, when the rest of the scholars and the Professor rushed outside to the rescue, the magnified Wogglebug calmly walked off the screen, and set forth on his own account in search of adventures.

A tailor, whose ninth life he had fortunately saved, made him the stylish costume he wore, and in his highly magnified and thoroughly educated condition he felt capable of dealing with any difficulty in Oz Land.

## The Wogglebug's Great Wisdom

Thus, when the problem of the Saw-Horse's broken leg was presented to him, he solved it at once.

"If the Pumpkinhead must ride, why not use one of his legs to make a leg for the horse that carries him? I judge that both are made of wood."

Just so, and before long the entire party, firmly tied on, were dashing away for the Emerald City.

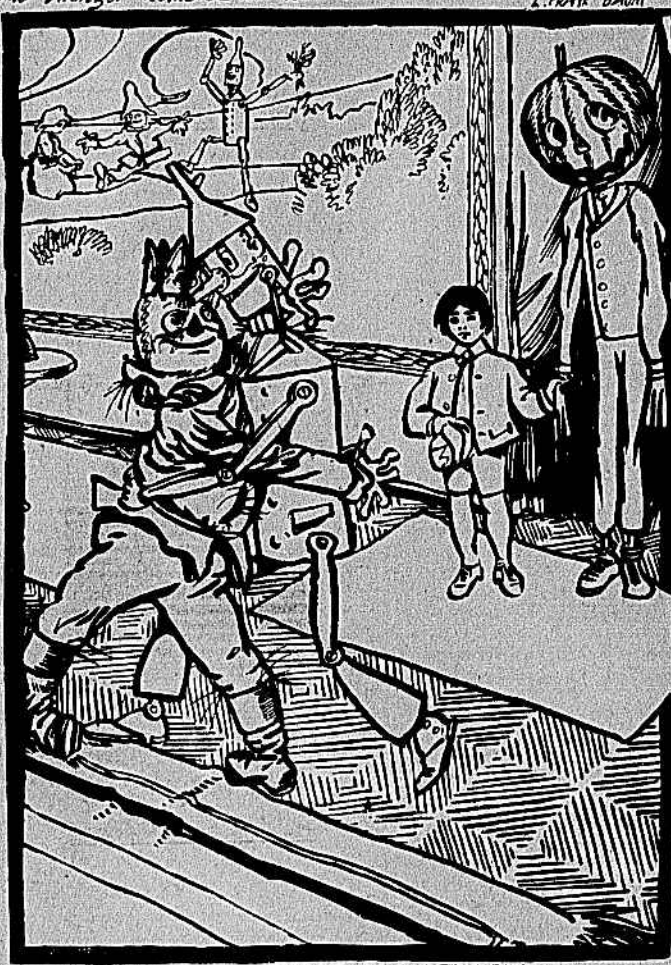
But the plan of capture failed; and soon, hemmed in at the place, it became necessary to devise means of escape.

The girl army had the adventurers bottled up like Russians in Fort Arthur.

Then came the crowning achievement of joint shrewdness—the making of the flying Gump. Two high-backed sofas firmly tied together, the antlered head of a reindeer gump that had adorned the palace wall over the hallway mantelpiece, huge palm leaves for wings, and a fine new broom for a tail—behold the sort of flying creature nicely adapted for carrying a Tin Woodman, a Wogglebug, a Pumpkinhead, a Scarecrow and a Saw-Horse through the atmosphere of Oz.

There isn't enough of the Powder of Life to lend vitality to it all—the legs remain wooden. But this is a small matter. The Gump is made to fly.

And by he does, carrying Tip, Wogglebug, Tin Woodman, Scarecrow, Saw-Horse and all far into the ambient air. Many strange things they encountered, many brave deeds they accomplished—and they are journeying yet, for all that is known to the contrary.



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Caught the Scarecrow in a close and Lining Embrace



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The Saw-Horse Rocked and Rolled over the Fields